DURGEN.

OR, A

PLAIN SATYR

UPON A

Pompous Satyriſt.

——— *in trutinâ ponetur eadem.*
Hor.

Amicably Inſcrib'd, by the AUTHOR, to thoſe Worthy and Ingenious Gentlemen miſrepreſented in a late invective Poem, call'd,

The DUNCIAD.

LONDON:

Printed for T. WARNER at the *Black-Boy* in *Paternoſter-Row.* M DCC XXIX.

Price 1 *s.*

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THE AUTHOR TO THE READER.

IT is strange to me, that so famous a Wit as the following Satyr is level'd at, should not choose, under a plentiful Fortune, and all the advantages of a contemplative Situation, a more agreeable Subject for his sublime Genius to sport with, than the Honour and Reputation of his most serviceable Friends and Companions; upon whose trifling Foibles and unguarded Deportment in familiar Conversation, he has been many Years a Spy, in order to furnish out, with all imaginable improvements, the spightful Characters in his unmannerly Dunciad; *which, as the Publisher to the Reader very wisely confesses, cost the little celebrated Author above*

six Years retirement, from all the Pleasures of Life, to but half finish his most abusive undertaking; having as much more Matter in reserve as will require double the time to compleat his Satyr, with that Correction and Perfection which the Design is worthy of; as he seems to intimate in a Verse cited out of Statius, *which, our heroick Satyrist, as his Publisher reports in the Preface, had prefix'd to his Manuscript: tho' it is somewhat difficult to conceive, from either the bulk or beauty of so ill-natur'd a Poem, that the unlucky Bird could be so long in hatching, and at last come peeking into the World but by halves. Tho', I am apt to believe, that if, instead of* Statius, *he had happen'd to have drop'd upon the following demand* in Claudian, *vid.*

Nonne mori satius, vitæ quam ferre pudorem?

He would have repented himself of his Task and have burnt his scurrilous Reflexions much rather than have publish'd 'em; or had his Judgment been equal to his other Abilities or his Prudence sufficient to have over ballanc'd his Pride, he would never have hazarded the loss of so many Friends by his Dunciad, *as he had gain'd by his* Homer, *and for want of due foresight brought himself under the necessity of hiring an* Irish *Champion, when he walks abroad, to secure his Posteriors from the Feet of his Adversaries; which, by the way, is but a slender testimony of* the heroical

diſpoſition and high Courage of the Writer, who dar'd to ſtir up ſuch a formidable, irritable, and implacable Race of Mortals; *as himſelf, or his Publiſher for him, has in the Preface to his* Dunciad, *repreſented thoſe Gentlemen to be, with whom his malicious Muſe has taken ſuch indecent Liberties; tho' few Readers charge the prefatory Virulence, as well as Vanity, upon the Author of the Poem; becauſe moſt Judges are of Opinion, that the Prodigality and ill-Manners contain'd therein, are not entirely of* Engliſh *Extract, but ſavour of a little* Stall Pride *blended with* Hibernian Modeſty.

To reflect upon an ingenious Gentleman's Poverty, was certainly the pooreſt piece of Satyr that a rich Homunculus *could be guilty of; nor can any Wit upbraid a Man of Learning and Probity with the want of a Supper, without caſting a reproach upon the negligence of our Superiors, in ſuffering a Perſon of diſtinguiſhing Merit to be no better provided for.*

Not to abound in Riches, has been the unhappy Characteriſtick of the greateſt Wits im all Ages; therefore, whenever we hear a Brother of the Quill boaſt of his Equipage and full Tables, he gives us good reaſon to ſuſpect that he never was born a Poet. To want a Dinner or a Supper either, when Hunger calls, muſt certainly be a great Mortification to a bright Genius; yet there are ſome Men of Parts ſo very ſtudious, that, in a day of Scarcity they can pick a plentiful Meal

out

out of the Works of the Ancients; and, in order to become Wiſe Men, go with a better Appetite to their Books, than they do to their Victuals: I mean not what I have here ſaid as any Reflexion upon the Author of the Dunciad.

I own, I am unable to conceive, what Title a Poet can derive either from his Wit or his Learning, to injure any Perſon's Character that never offended him, except, he can firſt prove a neceſſity for Wit and Ill-nature to be always concomitant, and that there is no other way to curry favour with the World or to be counted a Man of Parts, but by ſcribling Satyrs and Lampoons upon his own Fraternity: as if Wits, like Monkeys, were only to be admir'd for their unluckineſs.

The only excuſe made in the Preface to the Dunciad, *for the ſcurrilous liberties taken by the Author of that inviduous Poem, is, that* no Man living is attack'd therein, who had not before Printed and Publiſh'd againſt this particular Gentleman, *meaning the Author. This Apology, at firſt ſight, may ſeem to the friendly Reader no leſs than reaſonable; but, in ſhort, his unguarded aſſertion, tho' expreſs'd in poſitive terms, without the leaſt exception, happens to fall under the misfortune of being utterly falſe; for the Author of the following Poem, in anſwer to his general Charge, does ſolemnly proteſt, that he never, till now, ever wrote a line that could give to the little Gentleman the minuteſt Provocation; therefore thinks himſelf at liberty, without*

out a breach of good Manners, to return him a ſcratch for his bite, for a Man may love peace and yet be provok'd to enter into a Quarrel.

I have little to ſay in behalf of the following Poem, nor have I the Vanity to put it in competition with the Dunciad, *which, as its Preface confeſſes, is partly ſtyl'd an heroic Poem,* from the high Courage of the Writer; *and therefore, ſince, to ſhow his Valour, he has been ſo frolickſome as to ſurprize me with an unexpected inſult, I thought my ſelf oblig'd to give him a* Rowland *for his* Oliver, *leſt I ſhould be thought a Coward.*

All the favour I beg of the Gentleman-Reader, is, that he will vouchſafe to conſider, before he judges too haſtily, the vaſt diſproportion between ſix Years Retirement from all pleaſurable Avocations, and a few Hours ſnatch'd out of leſs than ſix Weeks, clog'd and interſpers'd with variety of Interuptions; and as the length of Time and the cloſeneſs of Application are mention'd in the Aggreſſor's Preface, to prepoſſeſs the Reader with a good Opinion of the Dunciad; *ſo, the quickneſs of the diſpatch, and the repeated Interpoſitions of other buſineſs, are humbly offer'd here as a juſt excuſe for the Imperfections of the* Durgen.

So Farewel.

POST-

POSTSCRIPT.

THE Reader is desir'd to observe, that the beginning of the Poem turns upon the following Quotations.

Or ship'd with *W---d* to Ape and Monkey Lands
Dunciad Book I. *page* 11.

E. W[illiams] poetical Son of *John Taylor*.
Profund. Chap. 9.

DURGEN.

A SATYR, &c.

FROM ſultry Regions, in the road to Hell,
Where Parrots talk, and Apes and Monkeys dwell,
Where Blacks and Whites in ſcorching Valleys ſweat
Between ſtupendious Mountains cleft with heat;
By help of reſtleſs Winds and rowling Seas,
My Muſe arriv'd in *London*, numb'd with eaſe,
After ſh'ad long been lazily confin'd
'Twixt floating Planks by Art together join'd,

Which, like a Cradle, rocking on the deep,
Quite dull'd her Genius with immod'rate ſleep,
And lull'd her hourly into frightful dreams
Of Storms, Sea-monſters, and a thouſand Whims,
Beſides the real Dangers, which her Eyes
Beheld around her, to her great ſurpriſe;
Bacchus, 'tis true, ſometimes would make her ſhine,
But, *Morpheus* ſtill prevail'd, in ſpight of Wine,
With leaden Hands depriv'd her of her ſight,
And made her often change the Day to Night,
Pent in a Cabbin of a Coffin ſize,
Till Thirſt or Hunger forc'd her to ariſe:
And thus, my Muſe, returning from afar,
Her Jacket, like *John Taylor*'s, ſtunk of Tar;
To air her Weeds, from which offenſive ſcent,
A Boat ſhe call'd, and up the *Thames* ſhe went,
Where briſkly did her Slaves their Oars imploy,
And, as they row'd, cry'd *Twick'nham, Twick'nham*, hoy;
My Muſe, delighted with the flowing Tyde,
And Oſiers bowing from the River ſide,

Her

Her old neglected Harp anew she strung,
And, as the Boat danc'd forward, thus she sung.

Durgen, thy proud ill-natur'd Muse restrain,
Reform thy Genius and correct thy Pen,
Forbear to pass, with such unguarded heat,
Heroick Scandal on the World for Wit,
No more with epick Satyrs teaze the Town,
And in false Characters betray thy own;
What Bard, but you, could think it worth his while,
To dress Lampoon in such a lofty style?
As if good language would your Malice drown,
And make the gilded Pill go glibly down;
Tho' the choice Words you lavishly bestow,
Are too sonif'rous for a Theme so low,
Like Kettle-drums and Trumpets to a Puppit-show.

But 'tis a common fate, if not a fau't,
For little Mortals to be great in Thought,
Till strength of fancy, blended with their Wit,
Make 'em tall Gyants, in their own conceit,

Then, like our *Bedlam* Kings, they rant and rave,
Treat e'ery Man they ſpeak of as a Slave,
Look big beneath imaginary Crowns,
And think to awe the World with nods and frowns,
Thus wild, the pigmy Bard in triumph ſits,
Enthron'd, as King of Poets and of Wits,
To eaſe his Spleen, at e'ery Author growls,
And deems his wiſer Brethren Frogs and Owls,
Strikes at 'em all with an audacious Hand,
And ſtrives to humble thoſe he can't command.
So, the fierce Cat, with Teeth and Tallons arm'd,
When by ſome gen'rous Maſtiff ſhe's alarm'd,
Mounts up her Back and cocks her ſwelling Tail,
Spits out her Venom, does her Foe aſſail,
Forgetful of her weakneſs, till, at length,
She's Mouth'd and Worry'd by ſuperior ſtrength.

This, *Durgen*, we foreſee will be thy fate,
Thou'ſt err'd too ſoon, and will repent too late;

Pride,

Pride, the ſure Comrade of ill-natur'd Wit,
Will ſtill perſiſt, 'tis Penance to ſubmit;
For Self-conceit makes weak Offenders ſtrong,
And buoys up proud Aggreſſors in the wrong;
Supports a vile callumniating Crew,
And prompts Lampooners to report, like you,
Injurious Falſhoods, ſcandalouſly baſe,
Too mean to gain Applauſe or fix Diſgrace.
So envious Neighbours labour to collect
The trifling Faults of thoſe they diſaffect,
And vainly hope, by publiſhing the ſame,
Not only to aſperſe another's Name;
But to revive their own declining Fame.

We know, imperious Bard, thou'rt bold and warm,
Like a raſh Sailor in a dang'rous Storm;
What, tho' a Tempeſt in thy Teeth blows hard,
Thy ſelf-Opinion will be ſtill thy guard;
And, like a Cork or Bladder to each ſide,
Buoy up thy Cock-boat againſt Wind and Tide;

But

But yet be cautious, leſt you drive a-ground,
Or ſink from the Sublime, to the *Profund*;
Forſake the ſilver *Thames*, for ſlimy Bogs,
And reign not King of Poets, but of Frogs.
For Wits and Scholars, famous for their Parts,
More ſkill'd, than thou, in the politeſt Arts,
Have ſunk, e'er now, below their juſt deſerts.

Therefore, no longer on Applauſe depend,
For common Vogue is but a faithleſs Friend,
Gain'd by ſmall Merit, eas'ly won or loſt,
Yet fails us oft, when we deſerve it moſt;
Like Muſick's Sound, it ſooths our liſt'ning Ears,
And is no ſooner heard but it expires:
Then curb your ſwelling Pride, be not ſo vain,
But, with more mildneſs treat *Apollo*'s Train;
Whoſe Pens firſt made you famous in the Town,
And thoſe that rais'd you up, can pull you down;
Poets, like Stateſmen, ſhould be calmly wiſe,
And cautious how they taunt or tyrannize:

For

For publick Favour, tho' its eas'ly gain'd,
Is hard to be preſerv'd, or re-obtain'd;
If therefore, they incur the Peoples ſpight,
One cannot ſafely Act, nor t'other Write;
Like thine, their beſt endeavours will be croſt,
No Conduct will recover Fame when loſt;
Or, if it does, we by Experience find,
Like Wounds when cur'd, the Scars are left behind.
So beauteous Women, if they're once debauch'd,
Tho' they turn Saints, will always be reproach'd.
Nor will the utmoſt Arts your Wit can uſe,
Redeem the Credit of your ſinking Muſe;
The vile Reflections you've unjuſtly caſt,
Will ſurely prove your overthrow at laſt;
And make you glad to revel, ſkip, and bound,
Among the croaking Frogs in your *Profund.*
For Scandal, tho' it titilates the Town,
Like a Ball toſt againſt a Wall of Stone,
Reverb'rates on the Wretch by whom the Dirt is (thrown.

Too

Too long haſt thou uſurp'd the Throne of Wit,
By fath'ring what your truſty Friends have writ;
Their kind Aſſiſtance won you early Praiſe,
And warm'd your Courage to attempt the Bays;
Till your own raſhneſs did untimely blaſt,
The blooming Fame of all your Labours paſt,
And forc'd your injur'd Friends to reaſſume
Their own, and ſtrip their Howlet of his Plume.
So fares the ſervile Laſs in borrow'd Clothes,
Rig'd out by ſome Old Bawd, to cheat the Beaus,
Till p——d, and too well known to e'ery Rake,
Then gives her coſtly Silks and Sattens back,
Puts on her broken Hoop, her tatter'd Gown,
And ſo turns common to the vicious Town.
Take care your epick Muſe, ſo bold of late,
Falls not beneath as ſcandalous a fate,
And, puniſh'd with contempt, be forc'd to hide
In lofty Manſion, to the Clouds alli'd,
There, in dull Scandal, gratify her Spleen,
And drudge for pay, unheard of and unſeen.

Satyr,

Satyr, if juſtly handled, is of uſe,
But real Names turn Satyr to abuſe;
Laſh Folly in the ſharpeſt terms you can,
Comdemn the Vice, but not expoſe the Man;
For if the injur'd Perſon cannot draw
A Pen, or ſeek due remedy at Law,
When with reſentment warm'd, he need not want
A Crab-tree Cudgel, or an Oaken Plant:
Tough anſwers, we confeſs, but ſometimes fit
To tame the wildneſs of ill-natur'd Wit,
Which often, unprovok'd, gives mortal Wounds,
And would, without Correction, know no Bounds.

Some Poets blend their parts with ſo much ſpight,
That if they did not rail, they could not write;
And never think themſelves ſo highly bleſt,
As when they're ſquirting Libels at the reſt:
Thus, as implacable as Gnats and Fleas,
They're always biting, and a conſtant teaſe;

With groundleſs Scandal do their Brains debauch,
And know no other Wit, than to reproach;
In Dunghills rake, where Mens paſt Follies lie,
And ſpightfully revive what ought to die;
Improve bad Actions, pretermit the good,
And on the World falſe Characters obtrude;
Varniſh o'er great Mens Faults, for little Gains,
And wound the Worthy with their pois'nous Pens,
To pleaſe, for ſlender pay, ſome angry Foe,
A caſt-off Miſtreſs, or diſguſted Beau,
Perhaps a flatt'ring Minion, out of date,
That wants the Courage to revenge his hate,
And, therefore, fearing to unſheath his Sword,
Deludes ſome hungry Rhimer for Reward,
To eaſe the rancour, boiling in his Brain,
By ſtabing ſome great Rival with his Pen:
Thus, do lampooning Wits delight to Sport,
Like, thriving Swine, in Naſtineſs and Dirt,
And ſuck from other's Filth a ſcandalous Support.

Nor

Nor is the *T*———*m* Bard intirely free
From mercenary throws of Obloquie;
The Luſt of Mammon led him once aſtray,
And made him tag ſcurrility for pay;
If falſe, than let him clear up the miſtake,
And to the following Queries anſwer make.

Who, for the lucre of a golden Fee,
Broke thro' the Bounds of Chriſtian Charity,
To animate the Rabble, to abuſe
A Worthy, far above ſo vile a Muſe?
Tho', all in vain, for merit kept him free
From your intended baſe ſeverity:
What envious Lady brib'd thee to expreſs
Her Fury, in the Days of his diſtreſs?
And caus'd thy Muſe to excreate ſo poor
A Libel on ſo brave a Sufferer?
What Power, but Gold, could ſtupify thy Brain,
And make thee act ſo far below a Man,

As with inglorious Scandal to purſue
A gallant Priſ'ner, when expos'd to view?
A cruel Inſult, at ſo wrong a Time,
That ſhould by Law be puniſh'd as a Crime:
'Tis ſtrange, ſo wiſe a Bard ſhould lay aſide
His Senſes, and be led by female Pride
Into a fault, ſo permanent and great,
That Man can ſcarce forgive, or Time forget!
But Gold and Beauty make the wiſeſt Fools,
For theſe, the pious Chriſtian breaks his Rules,
And Poets, for the ſame, we find, turn Womens
(Fools.

Satyr, in former Ages was deſign'd,
Not to affront, but to reform Mankind,
And to reduce, by Arguments of weight,
Licentious Nations to a Civil State;
That growing Vice might early be ſuppreſs'd,
And blooming Virtue in its room careſs'd:
Pers'nal Reflections, Men of Art muſt own,
Ceaſe to be Satyr, and become Lampoon,

And ſhould againſt no rival Wit be us'd,
Except by him that has been firſt abus'd;
The meaneſt Man, when injur'd in his fame,
Is prone by nature to revenge the ſame,
And if unjuſtly pelted, will, in courſe,
Fling back the dirt receiv'd, with greater force,
Then, ſurely, he that treats his Friends with ſcorn,
Deſerves a more than adequate return:
The Brute who in deriſion, flirts a Glaſs
Of Wine or Beer, in his Companion's Face,
Merits a Pale-full, if it's near at hand,
From him that has the firſt affront ſuſtain'd.
So, the proud Poet, who, to ſhow his Wit,
Shall with contempt all other Authors treat,
Ought to expect and patiently receive
Worſe uſage, than his Muſe preſum'd to give,
For injuries, like Money lent in Trade,
Should always with good int'reſt be repaid.
No Man has Title, by ſuperior Parts,
To tyrannize o'er thoſe of leſs deſerts;

For

For vulgar Quarrels teach the World to know,
Th'aſſaulted Slave will his reſentment ſhow,
And maul th'Agreſſor with a double Blow.

What pains and care do men of Virtue take,
And hazards daily run for Honour's ſake?
What obſtacles ſurmount in queſt of Fame?
The Soldier's darling and the Scholar's aim:
And when it's fairly won by worthy means,
Muſt it be ſully'd by licentious Pens?
And made by Poets, who in ſafety ſit,
The common Theme of their invective Wit?
If ſo, then none muſt paſs for Men of Senſe,
But thoſe who feed their needy Palms with Pence;
And e'ery Scholar's Works be treated ill,
Unleſs they're ſtamp'd with ſome fam'd Poet's ſeal,
Who proudly thinks, in his imperious Breaſt,
Is lodg'd the pow'r of damning all the reſt,
As if 'twas petty Treaſon 'gainſt the Nine,
For any daring modern Bard to coin,
Without his approbation, one good Line.

This,

This, *Dargen*, is the preſent caſe, we ſee,
We know you're angry, ſo indeed are we;
Your late reproaches, whilſt the injur'd live,
None can forget, and very few forgive:
Wounds of a Pen, more cutting than a Sword,
Altho' they ſeldom kill, are rarely cur'd,
But, like a Mad-Dog's bite, they grieve the part,
And make the Patient mad that feels the ſmart.
Then pray take care, next Satyr that you write,
Your Characters are juſt, your Scandal light,
And that you ſhow more Manners and leſs ſpight.

Nor will initial Types, or Hyphens, ſcreen
A Man, at whom an Author darts his ſpleen,
Without a Name, the Character alone
Will ſpeak the Perſon, if its truly drawn:
Then how much more is he that writes to blame,
If to falſe Scandal he applies a Name?
Or, by a Capital before a daſh,
Points out the Object he's about to laſh?

What

What, if in his defence the Poet ſays,
Initials may be conſtru'd ſeveral ways,
And that a thouſand Names, as well as one,
May with the ſame Great-letter be begun.
If that's a Plea ſufficient, then, I hope,
A *P* may ſtand for *Puppit* or for *P--pe*,
Or *C* that with a daſh may paſs for Churl,
Be meant as well for *Coxcomb* or for *C--l*:
Poor ſhifts, t'evade the Law, and only fit
To ſhow the Author's Fear, inſtead of Wit.
But ſhould our Satyriſt preſume to vent
Dark or ambiguous Flirts at Government,
No Aſteriſks would palliate the offence,
Or Hyphens favour his bifarious Senſe,
But *Inuendo*'s would at large explain
The daring Strokes of his unguarded Pen,
And make him feel the juſtice of an injur'd Reign.

Suppoſe a Bard ſuperlatively bright,
In Parts ſuperior to the reſt that Write,

Great

Great in the wild opinion of the Town,
And flatter'd till much greater in his own,
Puff'd up with vain Applauſe and Self-conceit,
Thoſe poor deceitful props to human Wit,
Which bear him up, perſuant to his aim,
Till lodg'd upon the feeble wings of Fame,
Whence he looks proudly downward for a time,
Deſpiſing all the reſt that deal in Rhime;
And, as from lofty Elms, the Rook or Crow
Mute on the leſſer Birds that perch below,
He ſquirts down frothy Satyrs with contempt,
As if himſelf from Scandal was exempt,
Or that no injur'd Mortal durſt oppoſe
The Darts he levels, or the Dirt he throws,
Deſcribing Men like Monſters, tho' compleat
In Stature, Manners, Countenance and Wit;
When if he could but with impartial Eyes,
Behold himſelf, he would himſelf deſpiſe.
So ſtrange a Figure, and ſo quaint a Face,
Reflected truly by a *Venice* Glaſs,

Muſt make him, Negro-like, the Mirrour break,
And hate the Subſtance for the Shadow's ſake.
But hold, my angry Muſe, bear not too hard,
Defects in Nature always ſhou'd be ſpar'd,
We know ill Manners merits no applauſe,
Yet when a cow'rdly Adverſary draws
Unlawful Arms, to wound another's Fame,
'Tis lawful, in defence, to uſe the ſame.

Suppoſe the Author of the *Dunciad* bleſs'd
With all the Gifts that ever Bard poſſeſs'd,
'Twas ſtill ignoble to exert his Skill
Againſt the weaker Brethren of the Quill:
The artful Fencer never cares to fight
A Bungler, leſt he loſes credit by't:
Beſides, in Quarrels, 'tis againſt the Law,
For Maſters of the Science firſt to draw;
'Tis like a Bully to unſheath a Sword
Upon a peaceful Friend we think a Cow'rd,
Or to provoke, with an ill Pen or Tongue,
A Man too patient to revenge the Wrong.

Scarce

Scarce would the meaneſt of the ſcribling Crew
Abuſe his Friends, to pleaſe he knows not who:
Or, prompt by Envy and the hopes of Praiſe,
Forfeit at once all title to the Baies,
By rudely making Men of Senſe his Sport,
And pointing ill-bred Satyr at the Court.

If theſe are Faults againſt all moral Rules,
That ſhould, from Men of Senſe, diſtinguiſh Fools,
And render thoſe that glory in the Shame
Of others, liable to equal blame;
Then 'twas a Failing, ſure, if not a Crime,
In our grand Maſter of the ſweet Sublime,
To low'r his gyant Muſe, and draw his Pen
Againſt the Starvlings of *Apollo*'s Train;
Poor penſive Mortals, who affect their eaſe,
And ſtudy not to vex, but how to pleaſe, (ſpar'd
Some, whom his pointed Vengeance might have
Poets, who much eſteem'd the mighty Bard,
And ſcorn'd to write the leaſt ill-natur'd Scroll,
That could offend his great majeſtick Soul,

Which, tho' its cramm'd into a little room,
Yet like Gunpowder ramm'd into a Bomb,
When fir'd, will thro' its narrow confines break,
Deſtructive liberty at random take,
And thunder out its Pow'r for miſchief's ſake.

Well, *Durgen*, may thy *Dunciad* ſhine ſo bright,
Since Stars in numbers crowd to give it light;
But, had thy hidden ſenſe ſupply'd their place,
Damn'd had thy Satyr been, and black thy caſe;
But as it is, the learned World may ſee,
By thy own Stars, thy future deſtinie;
None can miſtake the malice they've diſplay'd,
Thy Conſtellations are ſo eas'ly read,
And *Jupiter*, who in the upper Houſe,
Now reigns aſcendant with his injur'd 'Spouſe,
May with one Blaſt of Light'ning ſtrike thee down,
And ſcorch thy Bays into a wither'd Crown,
Perplex thy angry Muſe with cares and fears,
And ſtigmatize thy Head with *Phrygian* Ears;

Puniſh

Punish the insults of thy daring Pen,
And teach thee how to sport with mighty Men;
For so the *Roman* Poet fell, long since,
Beneath the frowns of his offended Prince:
Be careful, therefore, how you touch the State,
Affront the Worthy, Satyrize the Great,
Lest your presumptuous Muse should merit *Ovid*'s (fate.

Some, skill'd in soothing Flattery and Praise,
Have by their Panegyricks won the Baies,
And clim'd to Honours by their fawning Wit,
But Scandal never rais'd a Poet yet;
At great Men's faults th' aspiring Bard should wink,
Courts must be flatter'd, or his int'rest sink.
Satyr, 'tis true, may artfully be Pen'd,
And the bold Author justify the end,
But awful Pow'r, whose Word is a Command,
Will bear no lash from an inferior Hand:
What sturdy Soldier durst, in Publick, make
Reflexions on his General's mistake;

Or,

Or, what bold Clerk, tho' ſkillful in the Laws,
Arraign the partial Judge that tries the Cauſe;
Not, that the wiſeſt Magiſtrate can ſteer
Thro' e'ery gulph of State, from error clear,
But ruling Pow'rs this privilege will claim,
(Leſt envious Writers ſhould eclipſe their Fame)
To be exempt from Satyr, tho' not free from Blame.

Some, charm'd by Beauty, have confin'd their Parts
To Love, to Paſt'rals, and the ſofteſt Arts,
Such as may beſt obtain their am'rous Ends,
And make the Fair their Advocates and Friends,
Whoſe Smiles are all ſufficient to inſpire
Our brighteſt Muſes with celeſtial Fire,
To pleaſe that Sex, the ſource of our delights,
Should be the care of e'ery Bard that writes:
He that of their Perfections has no taſte,
Muſt prove but a dull rhiming Dunce at beſt:
Italian Songſters have been gelt, we know it,
But, ſure, no Eunuch ever made a Poet.

Some,

Some, in Heroicks, have their Wits imploy'd,
Till with puff-paſte they've many thouſands cloy'd,
And craftily ſupply'd their preſent need,
By falſly rend'ring what they ſcarce could read;
Theſe are the Bards that did old *Homer* wrong,
And made him lamely ſpeak the *Engliſh* Tongue;
Blind as he was, he now more blindly Walks,
Stumbles at Straws, and Stammers as he Talks;
And as his Int'reſt daily grows more weak,
Our Bookſellers once more may ſee him ſeek
His Bread in *Engliſh*, as he did in *Greek*.

Some, in Dramatick Whimſies, take delight,
And court the Town to flatter what they write;
Try various Scenes and Humours, to engage
Th' uncertain Audience to attend the Stage,
Where Poets, like poor Players, right or wrong,
Muſt ſtand, or fall, by the licentious Throng,
Who are too proud and poſitive to wave
Their antient Privilege to damn or ſave;

Yet,

Yet, heedleſs of true Wit, will judge amiſs,
Clap at dull Nonſenſe, at good Speeches hiſs,
Cry down juſt Merit, falſly give Applauſe,
As if they made each Play a party Cauſe.

Well may the Poet ſuffer, that depends
On ſuch weak Judges, or deceitful Friends;
And ancient Works, reviv'd with pains and coſt,
Be ſpightfully diſcountenanc'd and loſt;
Since one ill-temper'd *Momus* rules the roaſt.

Others there are, who proſtitute their Brains
In Doggrel Rhimes and Hudibraſtick Strains,
Endeav'ring to exhil'rate and delight
The Town, by blending Humour with their Wit:
Theſe are a Merry Het'rogeneous Race,
Who, as they plead no Merit, ſeek no Baies;
Diff'rent from all the ſwelling Bards, that aim
At laurel Chaplets and immortal Fame;
But leave *Apollo*'s darling Sons to climb
In Buſkins, to the Epick and Sublime,

Whoſe

Whoſe Fancy, Learning, and ſuperiour Senſe,
Give 'em, to publick Praiſe, ſome ſmall pretence,
Till, craz'd with Selfconceit, they ſtrain their Wits,
In coining new prepoſt'rous Epithets,
And monſtrous Metaphors, with no deſign
To elevate the Senſe, but ſwell the Line;
Some of which litter I ſhall here recite,
To ſhow what giddy Fools extol for bright.

In Verſe, how lofty is *a curling Spire?*
Yet all muſt own the *frighted Sky* much high'r.
A Silver Soumd, tho' not, perhaps, uncouth,
Is common, and in e'ery Fidler's Mouth.
An awkward Grace, is ſomething very rare,
Like a fine Curſey from a dancing Bear.
A nectar'd Urn, may ſignify a Bowl
Of Punch, or of ſome richer Liquor full,
Such as our *Durgen* drinks, to reinſpire
His lab'ring Muſe, when ſhe begins to tire.
But as for *Adamantine Lungs*, ads death,
A Man would wonder how they draw their Breath.

Apollo's Sons, muſt own, theſe Diamond Lights
Deſerve to be eſteem'd the Flight of Flights.
Next, a *Vermilian Prore* we muſt allow,
Sounds better far, than a red painted Prow;
Tho' ſuch a Term as *Prore* was never heard
On board of Ship, or in a Builder's Yard.
What then, in Epick-Verſe it may be good,
And paſs admir'd, becauſe not underſtood.
A ſelf-mov'd Tripod, is a wond'rous piece
Of Art, unknown to either *Rome* or *Greece*,
But, *Engliſh* Poets, who in fancy climb
Thro' fleeting Clouds, in queſt of the Sublime,
May cauſe, aſſiſted by the heav'nly Pow'rs,
A threefoot Stool to crawl upon all-fours.
But his *Ambroſial Curl*, is ſtill more new,
And puzzles all the Peruke-making Crew;
They cannot find, tho' ſkill'd in crooked Hairs,
What ſort of Curls the Gods *Ambroſia* bears:
Would our great Bard this ſecret but diſcloſe,
Our Barbers would contrive new Wigs for Beaus;

Rats-

Rats-tails and Bobs no longer ſhould be worn,
But fine *ambroſial Curls* their Heads adorn.

A triple Dog, barks noble in the line.
A dancing Cork too, is extremely fine.
The mottled Girl, his *Many colour'd Maid*,
May paſs for once upon an *oozy Bed*;
A branching Deer, meet with his *feather'd Fate*,
And *winged Wonder* ſtand amaz'd thereat.
But how can any *penſive Steed* complain,
When gently Gallup'd o'er *a velvet Plain*?
Much better than to bear a galling Load,
In Winter weather, thro' a *liquid Road*;
But if he meets *brown Horror* in the way,
Or at *blue Languiſh* ſtarts and runs away,
Should a Rouge's Piſtol Bullet ſtop his Breath,
He may be ſaid to dye a *leaden Death*,
And ſpight of all our Criticks, be allow'd
To fall down dead beneath *a living Cloud*,
And ſo become a Prodigy, I mean,
A quiv'ring ſhade or *a ſequeſter'd Scene*.

What Reader, charm'd with Metaphors like theſe,
Can wonder that our lofty Bards ſhould pleaſe,
In ſuch an Age, when Folly takes its range,
And Vice and Virtue do their Names exchange,
Whilſt Poets write, to countenance the Cheat,
Plays without Plots, and Poems without Wit;
If quaint the Diction, or ſpan-new the Thought,
No matter whether underſtood or not;
Full ſwelling Words a barren Theme may grace,
And, void of meaning, with ſome Judges paſs,
But, if examin'd truly, will be found,
By Men of ſenſe, no more than empty ſound;
Yet, by the Author, lectur'd o'er in form,
The windy Lines may his admirers charm,
And cauſe 'em, at firſt hearing, to commend
The tuneful Nonſenſe, better read than pen'd.
So in dull rants well mouth'd upon the Stage,
The Player's accents grace the Hero's rage,
And, when repeated thus with art and care,
The cheated Audience lend a patient Ear
And often praiſe the wild Impertinence they hear.

Some

Some Readers do too much good Nature ſhew,
In being pleas'd with e'ery whim that's new;
Tho' forc'd the Language, monſtrous the Deſigne,
If 'tis but recent, ſtill it muſt be fine;
With ſuch, the very Author's Name's enough,
And oft gives ſanction to indiff'rent ſtuff,
Vogue prepoſſeſſes half the reading Croud,
They know 'tis *Durgen*'s and it muſt be good;
With eager Eyes they on the Title look,
And, without reading, recommend the Book,
Purchas'd by numbers, for no other cauſe,
Than that its juſt in faſhion with the Beaus;
To whoſe wiſe Judgment, Poets muſt ſubmit,
And by their Touchſtone try the truth of Wit;
Works with their ſtamp paſscurrent thro' the Town,
And what they diſapprove the reſt cry down;
Nor will the Fair vouchſafe a pleaſing glance,
Or one kind commendation, to advance
What their admiring Friends diſcountenance.

Who

Who then, that's furniſh'd with commanding ſenſe
Would to his beſt Promoters give offence,
And with repudious Dirt and groundleſs Spight,
Defile their fame, to make his own leſs bright?
What pert Offender, to indulge his Pride,
Would vex the Bench by whom he muſt be try'd,
And at thoſe very Perſons vent his Gall,
By whoſe ſole Judgment he muſt ſtand or fall.
For tho', the little Great imperial Bard,
So fond of his own Works, may think it hard,
That ſuch a *Race of Mortals* ſhould preſume
To cruſh his Muſe with ſo ſevere a doom,
That neither Poet, Player, Beau nor Bel,
Henceforward ſhall allow her to excel;
But of foul Calumny muſt ſtand accus'd,
Till level with thoſe Wits ſhe has abus'd,
Then ſhall our Bard quit *Iſis* for a Bog,
Transform his ſhape into a *Dunciad* Frog,
And with thoſe Vermin cry, *God ſave King Log.*

The

The Fame of Poets, whilſt alive, depends
Not on their Wit alone, but on their Friends,
The partial World, if they approve the Man,
His Works, tho' trifling, they with favour ſcan;
But, if a Bard incurrs their diſeſteem,
By ſporting with ſome bold ingrateful Theme,
They'll blame his Conduct, his Efforts deride,
And all he Writes, tho' well, ſhall be decry'd:
What Mortal then that ſeeks a Laurel Crown,
And worthy to be deem'd *Apollo*'s Son,
Would blend his Wit with ſcandal, to expoſe
His Friends and metamorphize 'em to Foes?
Since 'tis the Care of e'ery prudent Man,
T'encreaſe the uſeful number, if he can;
But ſome, directed by uncommon fates
Abuſe their Friends, as Spendthrifts their Eſtates,
Till both alike, in time of need, repent,
What one has idly loſt, and t'other ſpent.

Ye Gods, that dwell in ſome ætherial Miſt,
Or only in poetick Brains ſubſiſt,

Inſpire

Inſpire my humble Muſe with pow'r to pleaſe
All, but the common Foes to human eaſe,
Whoſe reſtleſs Envy labours to poſtpone
And ſtigmatize all Merit but their own:
If I muſt rail, when in my ſpleen I write,
Be them alone the objects of my ſpight;
But let my Friends be ſacred to my Muſe,
And no ill-natur'd Jeſt their favour loſe;
By me, let no ingrateful Dirt be thrown,
But all their Faults be hid, as if they'd none;
Poor mercenary Wits may be allow'd,
With naked Scandal to divert the Crowd,
But Poets, re-refin'd from common Duſt,
Should file and poliſh off all earthy ruſt,
And, like the Gods, be generous and juſt.

Nor can ſome looſe flagitious Pens forbear
T'unman their Wit in torturing the Fair,
Expoſing to our weak unguarded Youth,
Too little of their Worth, or too much Truth,

Both

Both tending to ſubvert that happy ſtate,
Which to each Man confirms a pleaſing Mate;
Forgetting, that, perhaps, he makes a jeſt
Of his own Mother's Failings with the reſt:
And thus, by early Prejudice o'ercome,
Directs, by chance, th'unlucky Satyr home.

So have I heard a poor cornuted Spouſe,
With unfelt Antlers hanging o'er his Brows,
Upbraid another's Wife he ſcarce has known,
With odious Faults peculiar to his own.

The young depending Poet ne'er ſhould vex
Th'admiring Beaus, or the obliging Sex,
Their Bounty makes the Stage and Muſes ſhine,
And when they judge, their Sentiments they join,
All Authors Works ſucceed that they commend,
But die, if they their friendly Smiles ſuſpend,
And thus, thro' fond Affection, or deſpite,
They damn or ſave whate'er our Poets write,
Perhaps extol one Fav'rite for a time,
And loudly cry him up for the Sublime,

Hurry to *'Change*, to *Fleet-ſtreet*, or the *Strand*,
T'enquire what's new from his unerring hand,
Till ſome diſtaſteful Character he draws,
That gives offence, and forfeits their Applauſe;
Then do the angry Beaus and Bels unite,
Turn all their former fondneſs into ſpight,
With proud invidious Scorn withhold their Praiſe,
And treat the Bard with Birch inſtead of Bays,
Leave him neglected, penſive and ſhagreen,
A prey unto his own revengeful Spleen,
Till Pride has made him poor, and Envy lean.

Durgen take care, for this may be the Fate
Of firſt-rate Poets, tho' at preſent Great;
Therefore, with pauper Friends more gently deal,
None knows the ſudden turns of Fortune's Wheel,
The World's applauſe is nothing more than ſound,
Which dies, like Thunder, in its rowling round:
Then value not your own bright Parts too much,
No Man's Perfections are above reproach;

One

One day's miſtake, if publiſh'd when its pen'd,
May loſe more Credit than ſeven Years have gain'd.
Fame to the Publick does alone belong,
Her brazen Trumpet is the common Tongue,
Which, as directed by the ſov'reign Croud,
Proclaims our Merits and our Faults aloud,
Not with that truth we might in juſtice claim,
But as the vulgar Voice reports the ſame;
However, by our mighty Lords, the Throng,
We all muſt ſtand determin'd, right or wrong;
For none more Reputation can enjoy,
Than what the Publick gives, or may deſtroy,
That boiſt'rous Herd, whoſe Clamours oft affect
The ſtrongeſt Thrones that Wiſdom can erect,
And in their wild convulſive Fevers make,
In ſpight of Law, the greateſt Princes ſhake,
By groſs Miſtakes, their good deſigns deprave,
And ruin what they moſt deſire to ſave,
Till by the ſteps they take, and means they uſe,
The only Jem they ſtruggle for, they loſe;

On their own headſtrong Ignorance rely,
And do a thouſand things, they know not why,
Aſperſe the worthy, to their Int'reſt true,
And miſapply their Praiſe, where Blame is due,
Render what their Superiours do or ſay,
As black as Midnight, or as bright as Day;
Their wav'ring Voices, govern'd by no Rules,
Oft cry down honeſt Men for Knaves or Fools;
And, when it ſutes their Humour, will again,
Paſs Fools for Wiſe, and Knaves for honeſt Men:
Then what exalted Genius would be proud
Of common vogue, the varniſh of the Croud,
That makes us ſhine a while, then leaves us in a Cloud.

Since unexpected Changes thus attend
The Sons of Fortune, that on Fame depend,
And e'ery Wit, ſolicitous of Praiſe,
Be ſav'd or damn'd by what the Publick ſays,
The Poet, above all, ſhould have a care,
How he calumniates, or provokes too far;

For one unguarded Satyr may encreaſe
A formidable croud of Enemies;
Such as, perhaps, may find a thouſand ways,
To low'r his Pride and ſtrip him of his Bays;
For Friends, in our behalf, are ſeldom warm,
But Foes are boiling hot to do us harm;
The firſt but calmly move in our defenſe,
The laſt, with fury their ill turns diſpenſe,
Aſcribe to others what our ſelves have wrote,
Or make us father what we ne'er begot.
So Prior, *in the* Mouſe, *took all the pains,*
But M--ntag--e *made bold with* Prior's *Brains,*
Rais'd himſelf high, by what the other pen'd,
Not only Honour, but Preferment gain'd,
And to the care of Fortune left his ſtarving Friend.

Unhappy *Dryden*, tho' ſuperiour far,
To all that ever wrong'd his Character,
By one ill-tim'd unlucky Poem loſt
More Fame than any Rival Bard could boaſt,

Was

Was forc'd from Honour, loaded with Diſgrace,
And to inferiour Wit reſign'd his Place.
O *Durgen*! may thy proud, but peeviſh Muſe,
Fond of her ſtrength, and forward to abuſe,
Eſcape the like, or worſe, impending Fate,
Than cruſh'd the Prince of Poets, once ſo great;
For he, bleſs'd Worthy, only ſtood accus'd
Of flatt'ring Pow'rs that you have ev'ly us'd,
Which, if reſented, and your *Dunciad* Stars
Be conſtru'd by the Bench-Aſtrologers,
They, by your angry Planets, may foreſee
You're near ſome unſuſpected Deſtinie,
By which your Honour may be more defil'd
Than his, you ſo maliciouſly revil'd,
A Label o'er your Head may ſpread your fame,
And what the Hens now lay, compleat your ſhame.
Then, ſurely, will your own dejected ſtate,
Incline you to repent, when 'tis too late,
The publick Rage your malice ſtrove to draw
On thoſe beneath the cenſure of the Law;

A Crime ſo odious in a Man of Thought,
That in one Satyr, with reſentment wrote,
It may be twice chaſtis'd and not be deem'd a fau't.

What Snake-hair'd Envy, with infernal Ire,
Could thy revengeful Muſe of late inſpire,
And move the angry Fantom to produce
The *Dunciad*, of ſuch admirable uſe,
Wherein the Reader may, with pleaſure ſee,
How Poverty joins hands with Poetry,
And be inſtructed, if untaught before,
How to deſpiſe true Merit when it's poor;
Which way to ſhake dead Authors by the Beard,
Worthies, when living, by the World rever'd;
And how, in Epick Satyr, to aſperſe
Their ſacred and immortal Characters,
That from their mould'ring Reliques may be torn
The blooming Laurels by their Statues worn,
To crown his reſtleſs ſacrilegious Head,
That wants to rend a Garland from the dead;

Con-

Conſcious his own Deſerts will never raiſe
A Wreath of Weeds, much leſs a Crown of Baies;
Among the ſame Heroicks may be found
New methods of defence, and how to wound;
With whom to quarrel, when to miſchief bent,
How to puſh home, and when to make a feint;
But, above all, he does at large diſcloſe
The uſeful Art of turning Friends to Foes,
By repreſenting, in falſe magick Glaſſes,
Wits as dull Fools, and Scholars as meer Aſſes;
Then craftily extenuates the Offence,
By prefatory Mendaciloquence;
A ſhift too mean for Men of Parts to uſe,
And therefore far beneath an Epick Muſe:
But Poets that in calumny delight,
Muſt wrong the Truth as ſurely as they write,
Then quote Authorities, perhaps unknown,
And by old Errors juſtify their own.

'Tis ſtrange a Bard of ſuch exalted Wit,
For ſacred Hymns and heav'nly Anthems fit,

Should

Should in his anger laviſhly beſtow
A Style ſo lofty on a Theme ſo low;
As if his Numbers, which ſo ſmoothly glide,
Like Streams unrufflʼd by the Wind or Tide,
Were meant as Balſam to relieve or heal
The Blows he gives us and the Smart we feel:
But from ſoft Words ſmall benefit we reap,
His Balmʼs too mollient and his Stabs too deep,
Does only throʼ the mangldʼ Cutis flow,
Juſt ſkins the Wound, but heals it not below.
With laud, ſometimes, his Satyr he allays,
But ſtill his Scandalʼs greater than his Praiſe;
Some Wits, perhaps, heʼll ſparingly approve,
Yet crown with Malice his diſſembldʼ Love,
Speak ſmoothly firſt in favour, but at laſt,
Will all their virtues with their crimes oʼercaſt,
And ſeldom does one fawning line impart,
But when ſome Miſchiefʼs broiling in his Heart.
Thus, as the ſkilful Fiſherman, for ſport,
Tickles the very Trout he means to hurt;

Or, as the crafty Boxer, when he's vext,
Shakes Hands one Moment, and aſſaults the next.
So proud invidious Poets, that delight
In ſnarling Satyr, to exert their ſpight,
Like Bears, oft hug their foes before they bite.

When Reputation meets a galling ſtroke,
That injures Fame, and does the Mind provoke;
Lex Talionis, is the only ſure
Remedium that can work a pleaſing Cure;
Then rouſe, ye injur'd Brethren of the Quill,
Why all ſo tame, ſo indolent and ſtill?
Exert your Talents, your reſentment ſhow,
Hunt him as far as Wit and Words will go;
And ſince his Muſe, of late, has been ſo raſh,
Attack him warmly, give him Laſh for Laſh;
Proclaim him Rebel to *Apollo*'s Crown,
And make him run the Gantlet thro' the Town,
That e'ery Brother, he has us'd with ſcorn,
May deal the Bard an adequate return:

For

For, tell me, you harmonious Sons of Verſe,
Which moſt deſerves to wear the Aſſe's Ears,
He that offends, or he that tamely bears.

Well may the reſtleſs little Bard accuſe,
Of tacit dulneſs, e'ery modern Muſe,
Since you unactive Souls in ſilence ſit,
And bear, with Patience, his invective Wit;
Not only ſo, but ſtifling your diſguſt,
Confirms his *Dunciad* Satyr to be juſt:
Therefore, if none will his Arraignment heed,
Like Mutes at Bar, you muſt be preſs'd to plead.
You find his active Genius ſpares no pains,
But, with freſh Scandal, daily feeds his Brains;
Which in a labour'd Dreſs is midwif'd forth,
And ſtil'd Heroick, to enhance its worth.
So Jewellers, to pleaſe the wanton Fair,
Set Briſtol Stones in Gold for common wear,
Which, glitt'ring Baubles, grace the pritty Dames,
And, with misjudging Eyes, oft paſs for Gems.

Durgen's ſweet Pen, we know, the World ad-(mires,
He's bleſs'd with a kind Muſe that never tires;
Skill'd in all antient Tongues, and modern Arts,
A prodigy in Perſon, and in Parts;
A half-bred Deity, made up of Thought,
A ſomething, but no mortal Man knows what;
A living *Chaos*, whoſe prolifick Brain,
Does e'ery thing in miniature contain;
Has Wit at Will, and is, without diſpute,
A wondrous Creature, neither Man nor Brute;
Who, to delight himſelf, and vex the Town,
Spent twice three Years in writing one Lampoon;
And, if no Rival does his Scheme defeat,
Will waſte ſix more to make the work compleat;
A taſk, that when it's finiſh'd, muſt command
Laudative Poems from each ſkilful Hand,
Eſpecially each poor neglected Muſe,
His gen'rous Satyr does ſo kindly uſe,
Forgetful of the hard unhappy fate
Of Poets more ſublime, and Wits more great,

Than

Than thoſe that wrong the Mem'ry of the Dead,
And ſtifle Conſcience for the ſake of Bread,
Slander the living, with a ſpightful Pen,
And proſtitute the Fame of worthy Men.
So the proud Cit, poſſeſs'd of an Eſtate,
For nothing good, tho' worſhipfully Great,
Triumphs o'er Dealers of a low Degree,
More honeſt, tho' leſs proſperous than he.

The *Grecian* Bard whoſe excellence we trace,
Great Prince and Father of the Epick Race,
The firſt wiſe Sage that taught his native Tongue,
The graceful Numbers of heroick Song.
Apollo's Darling, and the only light
That in ſo dark a Lanthorn ſhone ſo bright;
As if the Gods aſſembled at his birth,
And all conſenting to enlarge his worth,
Enrich'd with heav'nly Gifts the new born Earth.

Yet *Homer*, tho' adorn'd with all the kind
Celeſtial Bounties that could fire his Mind,

Thro'

Thro' many Towns and Countries groap'd his way,
And blindly sung his *Trojan* Songs for pay;
Thus poor he was, most Authors do agree,
But rich in Thought, tho' doom'd to beggary;
Submitted humbly to his starving Fate,
And coin'd new Odes *as Supperless he sate*,
Yet was, in noble Verse, a richer Prince
Than all his wealthy dull Translators since,
Form'd all his great Designs without an Eye,
And, tho' in darkness, soar'd immensly high,
Till his bright Muse when she could climb no high'r
Return'd imbellish'd with celestial Fire.

So the swift Eagle, when depriv'd of sight,
Still upward flies in search of hidden Light,
Till too near Phœbus she presumes to rise,
Inflames her struggling Pinions till she dies,
Then blazing tumbles from the lofty Skies.

Thus *Homer*'s Muse from Heav'n to Earth retir'd,
When to the utmost height she had aspir'd,
Leaving

Thro'

Leaving to Poets ſuch an epick Plan,
As if deviſ'd by Angels, not by Man:
What tho' he beg'd relief of tender Hearts,
His Wants were no diſhonour to his Parts,
But ſhow'd his Genius too ſublimely great
For a dull World, that knew his Worth too late;
Tho' Heav'n, perhaps, that had inſpir'd his Mind,
Might kindly ſuff'r him to be Poor and Blind,
That no temptation ſhould debaſe a Soul
Of Wit and Virtue ſo divinely full;
For beauteous Objects, that engage the Sight,
Bend not our Thoughts to Wiſdom, but delight;
And Wealth, that Bawd to e'ery looſe deſign,
Does the frail Heart to ſenſual Joys incline:
Therefore, had the immortal *Greek* poſſeſs'd
Redundant Riches, or with Sight been bleſs'd,
The ſeven contending Towns, perhaps, had heard
No news of *Trojan* Wars, or *Grecian* Bard;
All the brave Heroes in thoſe Battles ſlain,
Had in Oblivion's Grave long ſince been lain;

Fair

Fair *Helen*'s Character entirely loſt,
And Seas of Blood forgot her Beauty coſt;
No great Examples left upon record,
To ſpirit up young Princes to the Sword;
Or teach poor ſuff'ring Nations to betake
Themſelves to glorious Arms for Juſtice ſake,
That when by Tyrants they're in Slav'ry held,
Force may, by Force, be gallantly repell'd;
No Wits inſpir'd by his exemplar Worth,
But Dulneſs muſt have reign'd thro' all the Earth;
Then had the *Dunciad* Author gain'd renown,
And his tame Hero bully'd all the Town;
For if a Dunce ſhall in Heroicks bear
Againſt all rule, the leading Character,
And Epick Bards may ſeat a ſtupid Aſs,
Where none but warlike Princes ſhould have place,
Then in an Age when Men are leaſt polite,
Dulneſs muſt ſet off what ſuch Poets write,
As a dark foil makes Jewels ſhine more bright.

Durgen,

Durgen, invoke the Nine to help thee praiſe,
The *Grecian* Poet and his Epick Lays,
Had not thy bold aſpiring Muſe been free
With his old Songs, we ſcarce had heard of thee;
Thy luſtre borrow'd from the Eaſtern Bard,
Is but like Moonſhine to the Sun compar'd;
In e'ery Line his fiery Genius charms,
But thine's a glow-worm Light that never warms,
Does of itſelf no dazling Rays expand,
But by Reflexion ſhines at ſecond hand.
None can to *Homer*'s lofty pitch arrive,
To equal his bright Thoughts in vain we ſtrive,
And only maim the Works we ſtruggle to revive.

'Tis hard ſuch diff'rent Fortunes ſhould attend
The noble *Greek* and his tranſlating Friend,
One ſtarv'd in framing his account of *Troy*,
What he deſerv'd his Ape does now enjoy;
But had not *Fortune* been, like *Homer*, blind,
Sh'ad chang'd their Fates and to the firſt been kind,

And plac'd the latter in the ſame degree
With thoſe that he contemns for Poverty,
Forc'd him, in ſpight of Wit, to humbly ſeek
A free-coſt Dinner twice or thrice a Week,
And doom'd the proud *Homunculus* to ſhare
Thoſe Hardſhips more inſtructive Authors bear,
Then had his Epick-ſtrains been leſs abſtruſe,
And his pert Satyrs freer from abuſe;
But Dainties and full Bowls retard his flights,
And make his Muſe too lazy when he Writes;
For had not other Wits, firſt, taken pains
In *Engliſh* Verſe to render *Homer*'s ſtrains,
Durgen the knotty Labour had declin'd,
And in Heroick Numbers never ſhin'd;
But *Og*'s old Verſion having well explain'd
The *Grecian* Text to our Tranſlator's Hand,
His Chriſtian Muſe, tho' Learn'd, diſdain'd to ſeek
For *Homer*'s ſenſe, in *Homer*'s heathen *Greek*,
But wiſely took it, as before laid down,
Diſguis'd the antient Tale to gull the Town,

And

And in a pompous Style, his Art to ſhew,
Transform'd the old Tranſlation to a new.

So cunning Bawds oft Dye their Harlot's Hair,
Turn Brown to Black and Bleech the Red to Fair,
Then in rich Dreſſes paſs the wanton Jades,
At Play-houſe, publick Balls, and Maſquerades,
Upon their old Gallants once more for Maids.

Ladies, bright heav'nly Stars, to you I bow,
Your charming Sex my Muſe addreſſes now,
Without whoſe ſoft'ning Graces we ſhould find
Proud Man unfriendly, and to rage inclin'd;
The ſweet Examples your Endowments give,
Inſtruct us how to talk and how to live;
Your Beauties furniſh Lovers Pens with Themes,
And lull our Poets into pleaſing Dreams;
Your Virtues prompt 'em both to Think and Write,
And your kind Converſe makes the World Polite;
Robb'd of your Charms we juſtly might aſſert,
That Man would be no more than living Dirt,

Who, when diveſted of your ſoothing Smiles,
Has nothing left him to reward his Toils.
Then curs'd be e'ery Miſer, Fool and Sot,
That value not ſuch Bleſſings as they ought,
But drudge and hurry on their days till Old,
Some in purſuit of Wine, and ſome of Gold,
Affect a ſingle State, neglect the Fair,
And die without a ſelf-begotten Heir.
O Muſe! inſpire me with a juſt regard
To th' tender Sex, whoſe Favours I have ſhar'd,
And, to their Honour and my own, can ſay,
Not in a vicious, but a lawful way,
O grant me power, whilſt on Earth I dwell,
To do 'em good, at leaſt to wiſh 'em well.

Take this advice, ye bright angelick Race,
Whoſe ſweet Perfections bleſs our Nights and Days,
Withhold your Bounty, barter not your Gold,
For *Grecian* Tales ſo oft in *Engliſh* told,
Cook'd, in all Ages, to their change of taſt,
The laſt tranſlation proving ever beſt:

For

For ancient Stories in a modern Style,
Ne'er fail of ſome admirers, for a while,
Who b'ing but ſlender Judges of the Senſe,
Think Novelty alone an excellence.

So Salmon's *Waxwork, common to our view,*
Gains always freſh applauſe when dreſs'd anew,
And thus we're often cheated and ſurpris'd
With the ſame Subſtance artfully diſguis'd.

You therefore that adorn our *Britiſh* Iſles,
And cheriſh Wit with your enliv'ning Smiles,
To whoſe endearing qualities we owe
The ſweeteſt Comforts we enjoy below,
And by whoſe wiſe domeſtick Care, the beſt,
As well as meaneſt Families, are bleſt;
Doat not ſo much on one proud epick Muſe,
Nor let the uſeful Stage your Favour loſe,
But by your pers'nal Influence ſuſtain
The ſinking Credit of *Apollo*'s Train,
For whereſoe'er your Beauties you diſplay,
Admiring Crouds will follow to ſurvey

Your lovely Charms, as Swallows take their flight
Perſuing *Phœbus* for his warmth and light.

Be kind to Merit, whereſoe'er 'tis found,
And ſhow regard to Senſe, as well as Sound;
By vogue or common Fame be gull'd no more,
Deſpiſe no Man of Wit for being poor,
Since *Homer* ſtarv'd, if Hiſtory be true,
For want of Benefactors, ſuch as you:
Think none an empty Coxcomb, or a Beau,
Becauſe an envious Dwarf proclaims him ſo;
Nor for ill-natur'd Falſities careſs
A ſpightful Satyr in an epick Dreſs,
But lend your kind aſſiſtance to revive
A Poet long defunct, and yet alive;
Tho' not in Perſon, ſtill his Works obtain
New Life, and are about to ſhine again;
Such as have ever pleas'd the niceſt taſt,
And grac'd the *Engliſh* Stage for Ages paſt;
But length of Time ſome Beauties have impair'd,
And wrong'd the Senſe of the immortal Bard;

For

For Wit, tho' ne'er ſo regular and juſt,
In a few Years, like poliſh'd Steel, will ruſt,
And want a careful Artiſt to reſtore
The pleaſing luſtre it diſplay'd before.
A Poet therefore in the Drama ſkill'd,
Who to no Rival ſhould the Laurel yield,
Of late has rais'd old *Shakeſpear* from the dead,
And with judicious care his Works ſurvey'd,
Expung'd the Faults, ungrateful to our view,
Fil'd off the ruſt, and burniſh'd him anew,
A meritorious Work, that muſt prevail
With all good Judges to promote its ſale;
For Wit ſo well adapted to the Stage,
Tho' ſtifl'd in a looſe unthinking Age,
Can never long lie bury'd in diſgrace,
And Farce be ſuffer'd to uſurp its place.

Once more, fair Ladies, we implore your aid,
All Arts without your quick'ning Smiles are dead,
Your kind Encouragement the Muſes aſk,
Pray lend your hands to the deſerving Taſk,

That

That *Shakeſpear*'s Plays, correct in e'ery Line,
Once more may in their priſtine Glory ſhine;
Then may you, charming Students, juſtly boaſt
An uſeful Treaſure, bought at little coſt,
And *Shakeſpear*'s faithful Friend more honour gain,
Than *Homer*'s Ape by his tranſlating Pen.

Some think the Stars our diff'rent Fates diſpenſe,
But how, is yet unknown to human Senſe;
For what wiſe *Albumazar* can preſage,
When Wit ſhall reign and Folly quit the Stage?
And both the Houſes to their credit raiſe,
Inſtead of monſtrous Farces, moral Plaies?
When theſe new changes ſhall ſurpriſe the Town,
And Poets only father what's their own,
Then ſhall repeated Plaudets let us ſee,
Which angry Bard ſhall moſt regarded be,
Heroick *Durgen*, or Dramatick *The* ——

FINIS.